

Senat. To Coriolanus come all ioy and Honor.
Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to vse the people.

Sicini. May they perceiue's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requested,
Should be in them to giue.

Brut. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought
not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is
a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs
his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues
into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel
vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance
of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude
to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of the multitude;
of the which, we being members, should bring our selues to be
monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little
helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne,
he himselfe stucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene call'd so of many, not that our
heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some
bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Colord; and true-
ly I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent
of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th Compassse.

2. *Cit.* Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge, my
wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soone out as another
mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but
if it were at liberty, 'twould lure Southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three
parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would
returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2. *Cit.* You are neuer without your trickes, you may,
you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But
that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee
would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier
man.

*Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with
Menenius.*

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke
his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come
by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, & by threes.
He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euery
one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voyces
with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and he direct
you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Mene. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthiest men haue done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. - Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roard, and ranne

From th' noise of our owne Drummes.

Mene. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines lose by em.

Mene. You'll marre all,
He leaue you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholesome manner.

Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

3. *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne desert.

2. *Cit.* Your owne desert.

Corio. I, but mine owne desire.

3. *Cit.* How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the
poore with begging.

3. *Cit.* You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we
hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship.
1. *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to
shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good
voice Sir, what say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two wortheie voyces
begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3. *Cit.* But this is something odde.

2. *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.
Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voyces, that I may bee Consul, I haue heere the
Customarie Gowne.

1. You haue deserued Nobly of your Countrey, and
you haue not deserued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Enigma.

1. You haue bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue
bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the
Common people.

Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous,
that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will sir flatter
my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estima-
tion of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since
the wisdom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat,
then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be
off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counter-
fer the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it
bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may
be Consul.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore
giue you our voyces heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Coun-
trety.

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing
them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble
you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterue,
Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue.
Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their

Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye vswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heap't,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battaines thrice six
I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consul.

1. *Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: the Gods giue
him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consul.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Mene. You haue stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inuested,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Sicini. The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sicini. There, Coriolanus.

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Sicini. You may, Sir.

Corio. That he straight do: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-house.

Mene. He keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Sicini. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*

He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinks,
Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sicini. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he flowred vs downe-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes
He's d's scornfully: he should haue shew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Sicini. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3. *Cit.* Hee said hee had Wounds,

Which he could shew in priuate:

And with his Hat, thus wauing it in scorn,

I would be Consul, sayes he: aged Custome,

But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you

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